velvet cap, sure signs of dignity: but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth: yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half way up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery: and her head-dress was new to Gerard; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open net-work of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices: in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a solid wave, and supported behind in a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came towards them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man; "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said, that it was her fault; she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No! no!" said the old man; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck, with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering, "Father, a stranger—a young man!"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, out with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box; lighted a match, then a candle end, then the sticks; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and took a good blow: then looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her: "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake: there's a cleft stick to hold it safe with;" and with this he set off running towards a corn-field at some distance. Whilst he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent with wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He reined in his mule. "Why, Peter, — Margaret—" said he almost fiercely, "what mummery is this!" Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said: "My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on." "What, reduced to feed by the road-side like the Bohemians," said Ghysbrecht, and his hand went into his purse: but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment, who should come bounding up but Gerard. He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part: then suddenly recognising the Burgomaster, he coloured all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "Oh," said he bitterly, "I am not wanted:" and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard, that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise. "By St. Bavon, I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup," said he. When the young man put that interpretation on Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gaily on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty. And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one half the coin in that plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl, who sat by a road-side fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse; the remorse, that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard but honest man, the touchstone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he has seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father on terms that look familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

(To be continued.)

THE TAIL OF A TADPOLE.

A BLADE of grass is a world of mystery, "would men observingly distil it out." When my erudite friend, Gerunds, glancing round my workroom, arrested his contemptuous eye on a vase abounding in tadpoles, and asked me with a sniffing superiority:

"Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts?"

I energetically answered:

"As much as you find in Elzevirs."

"H'm!" grunted Gerunds.

"Very absurd, isn't it? But we have all our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit an edition of Persius among the rubbish at 'one shilling each.' The sight gives me no thrill—it does not even slacken my rapid pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value, as the bookseller is of

Persius. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me. Why, sir, there is more to me in the *tail* of one of those tadpoles than in all the poems of that obscure and dreary Persius. But I won't thrash your Jew unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?"

"Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little but a mass of cells. Then I observe some of these cells assuming a well-known shape, and forming rudimentary blood-vessels. I also observe some other cells changing into blood-cells. Then the trace of muscles becomes visible. These grow and grow, and the pigment-cells, which give their colour to the tail, assume fantastic shapes."

"Very interesting, I dare say."

"You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase: here you see several tadpoles with the most apologetic of tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?"

"Perfectly; because, although the frog dispenses with a tail, and gradually loses it by a process of resorption as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and Nature kindly supplies any accident that may deprive him of it."

"Yes, yes," added Gerunds, glad to feel himself once more in the region of things familiarly known: "just like the lobster, or the crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in the most reckless manner, yet always grow them again."

"And would you like to know what has *become* of these tails?"

"Arn't they dead?"

"Not at all. 'Alive and kicking.'"

"Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!"

"Here they are in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them *grow*, not *larger*, indeed, but *develope* more and more, muscle-fibres appearing where no trace of fibre existed, and a cicatrice forming at the cut end."

"Come, now, you are trying my gullibility!"

"I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made this time last year by M. Vulpian in Paris, and I have only waited for the tadpole season to repeat the observations. He says that the tails constantly lived many days—as many as eighteen on one occasion; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only grow, as I have said, but manifest sensibility, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated. I have not seen this; but M. Vulpian is too experienced a physiologist to have been mistaken; and with regard to the growth of the tails, his observations are all the more trustworthy because he daily made drawings of the aspect presented by the tails, and could thus compare the progress made."

"Well, but I say, how the deuce *could* they live when separated from the body? our arms or legs don't live; the lobster's legs don't live."

"Quite true; but in these cases we have limbs of a complex organisation, which require a complex apparatus for their maintenance; they must have blood, the blood must circulate, the blood must be oxygenated—"

"Stop, stop; I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from our bodies. They *don't*. The fact is enough for me. I want to know why the tail of a tadpole can live apart from the body."

"It *can*. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail will only live apart from the body so long as it retains its early immature form; that is to say, so long as it has not become highly organised. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will *not* live more than three or four days. And every tail will die as soon as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition."

"But where does it get food?"

"That is more than I can say. I don't know that it wants food. The power of abstinence possessed by reptiles is amazing. I was reading the other day an account of a reptile which had been kept in the Boston Museum eight-and-twenty months without any food, except such as it might have found in the small quantity of dirty water in which it was kept."

"Really I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I suspected. But you see it requires a deal of study to get at these things."

"Not more than to get at any of the other open secrets of Nature. But since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"No."

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny cotton-like spots. Take a lens if your unaccustomed eye isn't sharp enough. There, now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of *fluff* scattered about."

"That fluff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their *rim* or mouth a range of long delicate hairs, the incessant motion of which gives a wheel-like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"Upon my word this is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again! What's the name of this thing?"

"*Vorticella.* It may be found growing on water-fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this Vorticella."

"Well, I never could have believed such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this: I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the side of these parasites?"

"Those, my dear Gerunds, are also parasites."

"What, parasites living on parasites?"

"Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef and mutton and fish? don't these beefs,

muttons, and fish live on vegetables and animals? don't these vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten is one law: live and let live is another."

Gerunds remained thoughtful; then he screwed up one side of his face into frightful contortions, as with the eye of the other he resumed his observations of the Vorticella. I was called away by a visitor to whom I didn't care to show my tadpoles, because to have shown them would have been to forfeit his esteem for ever. He doesn't think very highly of me as it is, but has a misty idea that I occupy myself with science; and as science is respectable and respected—our Prince Consort and endless bishops patronising the British Association for the Advancement of Science—the misty idea that after all I *may* not be an idiot, keeps his contempt in abeyance. But were he once to enter my work-room, and see its bottles, its instruments, its preparations, and, above all, the tadpoles, I should never taste his champagne and claret again.

G. H. LEWES.

THE ORIGINAL BUN HOUSE.



I HAVE seen pretty faces under various aspects: some peeping innocently from a wild luxuriance of honeysuckle and roses—others glancing with bright intelligence from opera boxes, made glorious by amber satin, and the radiance of chandeliers; and there is something harmonious in both styles of embellishment. When, however, my youthful fancy was just beginning to put forth its tender buds beneath the cold shade of College House, I had rather peculiar views of decorative art, my notion being, that the sphere for sylphs to shine in was one liberally adorned with puffs,—raspberry gaffs, cranberry tarts, and all that tends to sweeten existence embittered by Bonnycastle and Valpy. The serene felicity of my first love is thus strangely associated with the favourable impression which I received from my first jelly. I almost tremble now to think what sacrifices in cash and constitution I made at that refectory which Amelia's glances filled with mimic sunshine. Warmed by those beams, my consumption of ices was at once rapid and futile. My bosom glowed, despite of all my polar luxuries; and if I suffered from heart-burn (as I often did after a banquet at Crump's), it was not entirely owing to dyspepsia, but derived its poignancy from a singular but powerful combination of Beauty and Buns.

Amelia was Crump's niece. Crump—sole proprietor of the Original Bun House at the corner of the Cathedral Close—was a little weazen, one-eyed, floury-faced man, who always wore a night-cap and a sack-apron. We of College House never saw much of him, for his proper place was below, near the oven, from which, like a fish, he came to the surface at intervals, with a block of gingerbread or a tray of pies. Mrs. Crump—Amelia's aunt—was the most stupendous and remarkable woman I ever saw out of a caravan. She commonly

sat in an arm-chair behind the counter, with a huge toasting-fork erect, like Britannia, and her rule was absolute. She had studied human nature long, and, it would seem, with profitable results, for she gave no credit to man or boy.

You could trace the mandate, "Pay on delivery," sharply etched in her acid countenance; and her voice, decidedly metallic in its upper notes, had none of that softness which marks the advocates of a paper currency. Between her and her niece there were differences of kind, as well as of degree. Amelia's little white palm instinctively shrank from copper coins, hot from our portable treasuries. Her mild blue eyes were full of trust; her rosy lips and bewildering auburn ringlets, all spoke of generosity and confidence; yet such was the respectful devotion with which her loveliness inspired College House, that no boy, however great his natural audacity, ever presumed even in a whisper to ask her to accept his promissory note for a pound of ratafias.

Crump had a workhouse apprentice — an awkward, lazy, ill-constructed lad, who in early life had been fished out of a pond, and had never quite recovered his then suspended animation. Being kept at work all night in a cavern swarming with black-beetles and such queer company, he had lost his hold upon the sympathy of his fellowmen or boys; while his vacant gaze, electrified hair, and ghoul-like nails, had deprived him of any claim to compensation which the gentler sex might otherwise have allowed. Yet, despite of his isolated condition, College House looked on Crump's apprentice with envy. Was he not in hourly communication with Amelia? Might he not abuse the privilege of his position, and pluck from that dimpled chin what College House, by the most liberal expenditure of its petty cash, could never hope to enjoy—a surreptitious kiss? The thought used to haunt us in our midnight visions. One boy, named Barwell, whose father was governor of the county jail, went so far as to assert that he had never at his father's official residence seen any countenance so decidedly felonious as that of Crump's apprentice. No wonder, then, that College House had fears—strong fears—for the security of Crump's till.

To her credit be it spoken, Amelia treated her eager worshippers with strict impartiality. Recognising no superiority of age, learning, or opulence, she bestowed on every ardent lover of her uncle's buns an encouraging smile. On one occasion, however, it was reported that she wrapt up Larpent's change in whity-brown paper. Larpent was a West Indian, tall and slender, with remarkably pretty teeth, and a somewhat *distingué* air. He always dressed well, and the distinction shown him was, I honestly believe, entirely owing to his expensive lemon-kid gloves. Slight as was this token of favouritism, it created a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity at College House; and Boag and Pepper, who, in avowed imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, had established a poetical partnership, of which Amelia's charms might be regarded as the "working capital," at once tore up their sonnets, and dissolved the firm. Blobbins, a boy of plethoric habit, small eyes and little ideality, and who was continually cooling the passions of youth by sucking oranges, was heard to declare, that he always thought Amelia Pluckrose a coquette; and on being sharply interrogated as to what he meant by that offensive epithet, made answer, that a coquette was one who looked very sweet at you so long as you spent all your money upon buns,—a definition which, however correct, was not in good taste, and covered Blobbins with the obloquy due to vulgar detractors.

On Valentine's Day every pupil at College House, who had attained years of discretion, sent his *gage-d'amour* to "Miss A. Pluckrose, Original Bun House," and marked outside "Private," to deter Old Crump from breaking the seal. Some of these compositions—my own for example—had never appeared in print. Others were cribbed from Arliss's Magazine, and another anonymous miscellany. With that happy credulity which is youth's most precious inheritance, every boy at College House secretly believed that Amelia's eye was more frequently directed to him for the rest of the "half," than to any one else. It is true that Larpent, by virtue of his liberal outlay for cherry-brandy and preserved ginger at the Original Bun House, could always command an audience of the reigning beauty; but we could all see that Amelia's attention was mere politeness—nothing more.

Larpent, with his lemon-coloured gloves, might have made a sensible impression on some weak-minded girls. But College House had great confidence in his complexion, which was a decided chocolate. We felt assured that Amelia with her refined feelings would never be so silly as Desdemona was, or would cast herself away upon a Moor. Indeed I was inclined to pity Larpent for wasting so much precious eloquence and pocket-money at the Original Bun House, when his extraordinary behaviour towards the College in general, and myself in particular, proclaimed that he neither deserved compassion nor stood in need of it.

I was sitting at my desk on Valentine's Eve composing an acrostic, when some one pulled my ear in a jocular way, and, turning round very angrily, I found it was Larpent who had thus rudely obstructed a poet's progress.

"What will you take for it when it is finished?" he said, bending down to read what I had written.

"Nothing that you can give me," was my answer, in a tone of defiance.

"Amelia P.," he continued, glancing at the initials of each line, "this is for Miss Pluckrose."

"And suppose it is," said I, "you have no right to interfere."

"No right, eh?" he replied, showing his teeth.

"Certainly not. What right have you?"

He grasped my arm with his vice-like fingers till he almost made me shriek, as looking at me like a savage, he exclaimed:—

"The best right which any man can have. The right of conquest—booby!"

There was a pause, very long and very awkward. I could not speak from astonishment. He would not, because my perplexity gratified him.

At last he broke silence.

"I will not allow you or any other fellow, to send a parcel of trumpery love-verses to *my* Amelia."

"O, then all the trumpery love-verses she may receive must emanate from you?"

I hit him there, and he felt it.

"That's my ultimatum," he rejoined, and he began cutting his pencil ferociously.

"Larpent," said I, after two or three painful endeavours to articulate, "you are carrying the joke a little too far—you are, upon my honour."

"You think so, do you?" he returned, throwing away his pencil. "Well, to convince you that I am perfectly serious, you see this," and he drew from his breast-pocket a small blue-barrelled pistol inlaid with silver.

"If you don't give up your ridiculous pretensions quietly, my friend," was his remark, "you must take your chance of a bullet-hole, that's all. I don't want anything unreasonable, but if you insist on crossing my path in this little affair, down you go—pop!"

"Not if we fire at one another with—cross-bows," said I, maliciously, for only two days before we had a shooting-match at a blacking-bottle, and Larpent was beaten hollow. "However, I don't want to take an unfair advantage—choose your own weapon—I'm ready and willing."

The West Indian put his pistol back in his pocket, and took my hand.

"Bonser," he said, with affected kindness, "I have a respect for you and consideration for your mother, but really you mustn't stand in my light."

"Stand in your light!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "You are standing in mine. Who spoke to Amelia first? I've known her since I was a child—almost."

Larpent burst out laughing.

"Why, Bonser, what are you now?" Then, without waiting for my reply, he said:

"Give me this acrostic, promise not to write any more, and I'll present you with a dozen splendid cigars."

"Hang your cigars!" I cried. "Disgusting Cabanas!—they would make me sick."

"Very well, then you mean to fight?"

"I do."

"If you should prefer horse-pistols," said Larpent, pulling on his lemon-coloured gloves, "I have got a brace in my trunk up-stairs ready loaded."

A sudden rush of pupils into the school-room, singing in chorus "Rule Britannia," prevented my sanguinary rival from proceeding further with his warlike demonstrations. Intelligence had just arrived of the battle of Navarino; and Wapshaw, who loved his country, and used to expatiate in our rural walks upon England's naval supremacy, had, in a fit of enthusiasm, given permission to the boys to sing national airs, for half an hour before supper. I am sure he forgot that vocal exercises invigorate the appetite, or he would never have granted this musical licence.

All night long I lay awake with my eyes fixed on the black leathern trunk with brass nails beneath Larpent's bed. Notwithstanding my lofty tone when confronting my Creole enemy, I had not made up my mind to fight him, but I resolved to maintain a bold front. Accordingly, when Larpent came up to me next day in the cricket-ground, and coolly asked me if I was ready to die for Amelia, I answered sullenly, "I am," and followed him at his command with long and rapid strides. We had nearly reached the coppice at the extremity of the ground, where Larpent proposed the duel should take place, when a tennis ball came ricocheting behind us, and struck me in my spine. On turning round I perceived a knot of boys gathered round McPhun, the old Scotch gardener of College House, and who hailed us to come back with gesticulations of such earnestness as indicated that something alarming had happened.

I was very glad to obey this peremptory summons, and on my way met Blobbins, with tears streaming from his little eyes.

"Have you heard about poor old Crump?" he said, wiping his cheeks with a tattered pocket-handkerchief.

"No," said I. "Has he been knocked down again by a painter's ladder?"

"Worse," replied Blobbins, sucking an orange to calm his emotion: "he has fell beneath a load of bricks."

"What, crushed!" I exclaimed.

"Reg'larly," said Blobbins, weeping afresh, and adding, with inconceivable tenderness, "We shall never, Bonser, taste such buns again."

I turned away from this heartless voluptuary with feelings of mingled pity and disdain, and joined the noisy crowd which encircled McPhun, the old Scotch gardener, and eagerly questioned him about poor Crump's catastrophe. From his narrative it seemed that Crump, having scraped together a little money in the Original Bun House, had unwisely invested it in land for building purposes, and, like many other sanguine speculators, had overbuilt himself. This Blobbins figuratively described as being crushed beneath a load of bricks. To accelerate his downfall he had become surety for a particular friend of the family, whose health was so infirm that he could not leave Boulogne when his promissory note became due. The consequence was, that execution had been issued against Crump, who was seized by the sheriff, while another hostile force, with that officer's authority, marched into the Original Bun House, and garrisoned it by command of Crump's principal creditor, a hot-headed brick-maker.

This was sad news indeed.

"And what's become of poor little Mely, Mac?" demanded College House, with its forty-five voices harmoniously rolled into one.

"I hear," replied McPhun, "that she has taken a situation as barmaid at the 'Marquis o' Granby.'"

College House fell back as if its forty-five pillars had been shaken by an earthquake. Amelia, so graceful, innocent, and fair, to let herself down behind the bar of an ordinary commercial inn! Such degradation was enough to cause a sympathetic sinking in every manly breast.

Blobbins whispered to me in my extremity what he deemed words of consolation:

"Couldn't we go to the 'Marquis' together, Bonser, and have a pint of early purl?"

I looked at him distrustfully, and felt confident by his retreating manner that he was profoundly ignorant of the nature of that matutinal beverage. He confessed afterwards that he fancied

it was morning dew, flavoured with sugar and lemon.

My duel with Larpent was postponed *sine die* by tacit consent. The next day, being Wednesday, after dinner Blobbins took me aside, and murmured mysteriously in my ear, "Early purl."

I understood him, and, as soon as we were out of school, we started off towards the "Marquis of Granby," a large posting-inn, facing the Haymarket. As we passed the Original Bun House we observed with sorrow that Crump's homely name had been painted out, and the Italian patronymic of Tolibozzi had usurped its place, while for indigenous "Pastry-cook" was substituted exotic "Confectioner." Tolibozzi was a tall and superior-looking man, with very black eyebrows, a flat linen cap, and a white apron. It appeared that Tolibozzi had been cook in a nobleman's family, and had condescendingly married the lady's-maid. Mrs. Tolibozzi, however, was a very genteel young person, and wore as many rings as her late mistress, with a gold watch and chain. We bought a couple of buns, just out of curiosity; but, O! Tolibozzi's buns were no more to be compared with Crump's than chalk and alum with sugar and eggs: they were, indeed, a *bitter* mockery.

Neither Blobbins nor I had ever entered a tavern; and before we reached the "Marquis" a feeling of nervousness came over us. We tossed for posteriority, and Blobbins lost. Girding up his loins, he dashed across the road, and I followed; but before he went in, he looked through the plate-glass window, and turning round, informed me with dismay that she wasn't there!

It was perfectly true. She was not there; and on inquiring of Tolibozzi, we ascertained that Miss Pluckrose had never accepted any situation there, but contemplated devoting herself exclusively to dress-making and millinery. In answer to our modest application, where she was residing, Tolibozzi believed she was staying with her aunt, either in James Street or John Street, but the number he had forgotten, and Mrs. Tolibozzi had never heard.

Baffled in every effort to discover our Amelia, Blobbins, by way of balm, suggested that we should have a row. Adopting his advice, we made our way down to the ferry-house, and hiring a crank skiff, Blobbins took the rudder, and I the sculls. We were proceeding up the river very gloomily, when all at once Blobbins turned pale, and exclaimed, "Here she comes!"

"Who?" said I.

"Amelia!"

And scarcely had he spoken, when a wherry passed us on our larboard quarter, in which, with a blue silk bonnet and a parasol, sat Amelia, guiding the tiller-ropes, while a smart, yellow-haired young fellow, whose navy cap she held in her lap, was pulling vigorously with his jacket off. They had not passed us more than twenty yards, when one four-oared cutter which was racing against another, suddenly ran foul of Amelia's boat—I very much fear, through that young person's bad steering—and upset it. The naval officer and his charge were both immersed in the water, and the first glance we caught of them among the boats that were crowding round, showed us Amelia, supported by the strong arm of her gallant protector, who was coolly swimming with her to the bank, where, strange to say, Larpent arrived just too late to render any assistance. The naval officer, having kissed his precious burthen to restore her to consciousness (which it did), they hurried, dripping wet as they were, into a Swiss cottage, whose hospitable doors were opened for their reception, and whose windows were hidden by willow trees.

For some time after this event Larpent never mentioned Amelia's name to any human being. It was just upon the eve of Midsummer, so we lost sight of him; but on my return to College House Larpent, who had never left it, was as close and mysterious as before. He had apparently made up his mind that Amelia was lost to him, and so had we all; nor were we greatly surprised, on the first Sunday after our return, to hear the banns of marriage published at church between Walter Henry Seaward, bachelor, and Amelia Pluckrose, spinster, both of this parish. We did feel, however, some astonishment when, just after that solemn publication, the officiating clergyman left the reading-desk and advanced to the communion-table, at the same time that five persons emerged from the vestry, two being in bridal attire. These were Walter Henry Seaward, bachelor, and Amelia Pluckrose, spinster; the others were old Crump and his wife, and his sister, a thin woman, with a coal-scuttle bonnet and a baggy umbrella.

Poor Larpent! he looked on at the ceremony with an Othello-like glare. Twice he stood up—we were in the gallery—and remained standing for some minutes, notwithstanding Wapshaw desired him to sit down. It seemed cruel for Amelia to be invested with the grand order of matrimony in the presence of so many of her slaves, but I believe she was not morally responsible, having only complied with the earnest entreaty of certain impulsive young ladies in the Cathedral Close, who had formed themselves into a committee of admiration, and who had arranged this public performance of connubial rites as a fitting recognition by Amelia of the gallantry of her preserver.

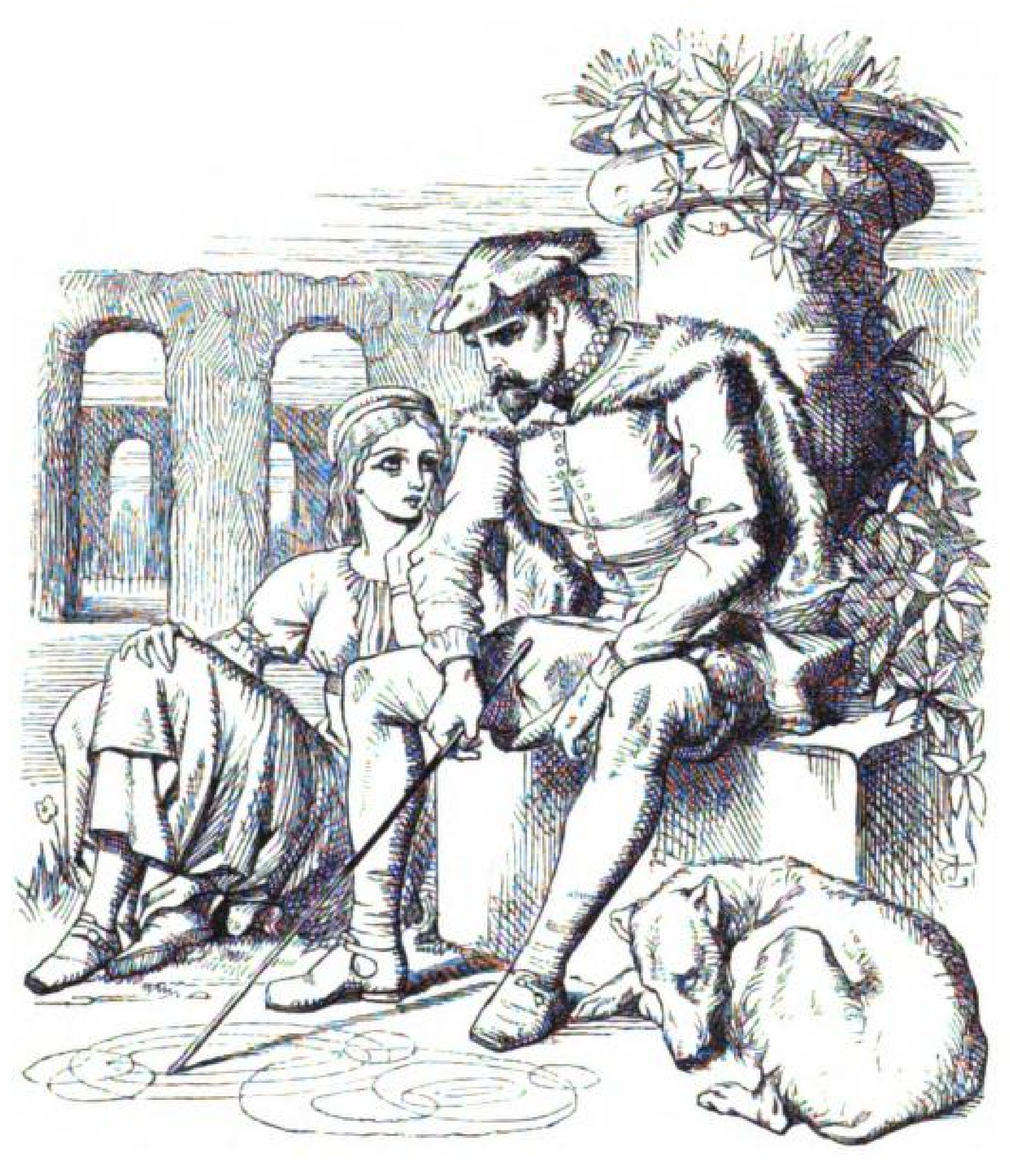
On leaving College House, which he did at the next "half," Larpent went out to South America, where he became an indigo-planter; and I heard that eventually he married a very plump and opulent widow, whose complexion was several shades more sombre than his own.

Old Crump was comfortably provided for by being appointed verger to the cathedral, where he toddled about for many years with a black gown and a steel poker.

The Original Bun House exists no more. Railway trains stop at the elegant refreshment-rooms which occupy the ground whereon it stood. These elegant rooms I went into last autumn. Another Amelia was there—how like, and yet how different! As charming, perhaps, in some eyes, but not to my experienced vision. My spectacles might have been dim. She seemed to want repose. These modern cafés have their attractions; but, as any school-boy will tell you, after all there is nothing half so sweet in life as the Original Bun House.

A. A.

THE ASTRONOMER'S DISCOVERY.



On the most exposed point of the little island of Veen, which stands in the strait between Elsinore and Copenhagen, there were still visible, some few years since, the traces of an ancient and extensive building, where the ruins of time-eaten and fire-stained walls, rising over the rugged and volcanic surface, guided the eye along the ground-plan of the edifice. It might have been observed that this structure, of which the relics even still retain the name Uranienborg, was flanked on the north by a tower; to the east and west it presented two fronts, looking respectively toward the isle of Zeeland and the coast of Sweden; and on the south had stood a large square building, named Stelleborg—that is, the "Castle of the Stars,"—under which lay a vaulted cavern, the only portion still remaining uninjured. All around were vestiges of garden cultivation, long since discontinued; and the silence of the desert that stretched away until it mingled in hazy perspective with the waters of the Baltic was broken only by the wild scream of the sea-birds. Still, these ruins awakened an interest of their own: for, although they were not the scene of any memorable event in history, or the grave of departed magnificence, the glory of intellect and science has bequeathed to them its more enduring associations.

On the 11th of November, 1572, the lord of this domain, which is about two leagues in circumference, was seated in the garden of Uranienborg. The day had been clearer and milder than might naturally have been expected at that season and in such a climate, and the sun was just sinking behind the trees, whose lengthening shadows were sharply defined on the ground by the last beams of daylight. The person whom we introduce might have been still called young; but in his countenance there was a seriousness and dignity beyond his years, which would have repelled familiarity, had not the expression been softened by that air of simplicity which always accompanies genius. He was engaged in tracing on the sand before his feet circles within circles, of different sizes, and intersecting each other perplexingly; and from these he sometimes turned his eyes upward to the heavens, as though they opened to his view a mystic volume which he endeavoured to transcribe. At his left hand was sleeping a beautiful greyhound, wearied with gambolling around its master without attracting his attention; while, crouching timidly at the other side, sat a young and beautiful girl, who alternately gazed, with a rapt and child-like curiosity, at the geometric figures, and looked up at the face of her abstracted companion as if endeavouring to read in those moveless features the solution of the enigma. She understood, however,

"Come in, come in," said Osprey Hawke, rather hastily, drawing his friend into the room and closing the door, which he locked.

"What's wrong?" said Halgover, startled.

"All's wrong," said Hawke. "I have seen some of the leading people here—your men—and I've got a telegraph from Lasher."

"Why," said Halgover, in trepidation, "he assured me it was all right. I paid——"

"Hush! confound you!—and perhaps a Yellow ear at the keyhole. You'll lose the election."

"I'd sooner pay——"

"*Will* you be quiet. Listen. There's only one thing to do to save it, and that of course you won't do."

"Go in for the ballot and universal suffrage? Well, you know, I *don't* like it; I don't think it right; but I shouldn't like to lose, and Arabella would be——"

"That's it, of course. It would break Mrs. Halgover's heart to see you return crestfallen and humiliated before the world. But then I tell you fairly, the sacrifice is something."

"Tell me at once."

"Well, I have this from all your chief friends. The man who stood here last time bilked the electors; did 'em out of their dues, as they think them. His name is poison."

"But mine's Halgover."

"Unfortunately, you are very like him in ap-



pearance—luxurious hair, splendid beard and moustache. A rumour has got about that you are the same man, but have come into money and changed your name. The Yellows have some photographs of him, with Halgover *alias* Swindleton printed under them. If you are seen you are lost. A deputation is coming to urge upon you—and Lasher telegraphs that you are to do it at any price—but you won't."

"Won't—won't—"

"SHAVE. Get a bald head, take away beard and moustaches, and suddenly appear in the town, defying Yellow malice. A pair of high shirt collars, instead of the all-rounder, for they are men of business here, and high collars are somehow connected with respectability, and it's done. If not, you are lost, the impression once made."

"But I shall be such a Guy," stammered the wretched Halgover.

"But you will be member for Stackleborough," returned the artful Hawke.

Imagine the mental conflict: imagine the yielding: imagine the Blue Barber, and his fatal work.

Mr. Halgover was triumphantly returned. Mr. Lasher had minded his business, and taken care that other people minded theirs. Halgover telegraphed himself to Arabella as at the top of the poll of Stackleborough, but said nothing about the top of his own poll.

"Go in and break it to her," he said to Osprey Hawke, as they reached Mandeville Crescent, North.

so that the whole strain between the shot and the breech in the act of propulsion came on the screw threads, and it is said that two shots could not be fired without straining the threads, and so loosening the cylinders. This might perhaps be remedied by increasing the number of the bolts, but there is another difficulty.

The proportion of weight between shot and barrel in an American hunting-rifle is about one to four hundred. In an English 64-pounder cast gun it is about one to one hundred and fifty. In Mr. Mallet's gun the proportion is, shot one, gun forty. If therefore this gun were made perfect in other respects, the weight would have to be made up by the carriage, or the earth, and if placed on a vessel it would have to be placed on buffers of caoutchouc, or it would probably damage the vessel. It would be quite right to carry forward this experiment, increasing the numbers of the bolts, diminishing the diameter and using a cylindrical instead of a spherical shot, thus reducing the diameter, with the same quantity of explosive matter and dead weight. The only reason for making the gun in parts is to attain facility in transit. New discoveries, to which we shall presently allude, have settled the question as to procuring malleable iron in any sized mass we may desire.

While these experiments were going on at the expense of Government, Mr. Armstrong of Newcastle, no regularly bred but a positively born engineer, was experimenting on his own account, possessing all the wherewithals, abundant means and a well-fitted engineering factory in prosperous trade. With good common sense he took the best thing that was next to him—the rifle—and set to work to enlarge it. He adhered to length and weight with a small diameter of bore, and he elongated his shot and covered it with soft metal to fill the grooves by expansion in forcing through. The grooves were a serious consideration, and to ensure an easy fit he filled the barrel with small W-shaped grooves alternating with similar ribs, precisely like an old French plan used in the pistols of the elder Bonaparte, as may have been observed at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. To load a gun of this kind from the muzzle was not conveniently practicable, so he determined on breech loading. The plan he chose is that used by the Chinese, and in the East Indian jingals. A longitudinal piece of metal with a handle like that of a saucepan-lid is inserted in a slit on the upper side of the barrel cut in to the bore. At the back of the breech piece the bore is continued through of a larger size, and a hollow screw, the hollow being the size of the bore, is screwed into it. The object of this hollow screw is to pass the charge through it into the barrel, and then the breech-piece being put in situ, the screw is screwed up against it to tighten the barrel, and prevent the escape of gas. This is an exceedingly ingenious arrangement, and effective for a small-barrel gun, and not more likely to get out of order than the ordinary screw breech of a fowling-piece or musket, but if applied to larger-sized guns it is doubtful if so heavy a strain on the screw threads will be found to answer. The weakness is of the same kind as the threads of the bolts in Mallet's gun.

In the manufacture of these guns of wrought-iron, Mr.—now Sir William—Armstrong has also shown good sense and judgment. He combines the processes well known in ordinary gun-barrel making. First he takes a welded tube made as musket barrels are made, and round that he wraps a spiral riband of iron in the mode in which fowling-piece barrels are made. A second riband of iron is wound spirally in the opposite direction, and the whole is welded together. While this is done on a small scale, there will probably be little difficulty in success, but the success in very large guns is dubious. But neither is the non-success of any importance, as guns of any size may now be produced at pleasure.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

ANA.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—If it be legally as well as poetically true that "every child that's born at sea belongs to the parish of Stepney," we congratulate the good people of Stepney on a somewhat distinguished parishioner. It has always been stated that the great Duke of Wellington was born either at Lord Mornington's residence in Dublin, or at Dangan Castle, county Meath; and even Burke accepts as an established fact his nativity on Irish soil. The Duke, it is well known, would never say 'yes' or 'no' when questioned on the matter in the later years of his life. We are in a position to state, upon evidence that admits of no dispute, that the Great Duke was born neither in Ireland nor in England: he was a Stepneian—a genuine child of the ocean. The Countess of Mornington, his mother, was taken with the pains of labour whilst crossing in a sailing-boat from Holyhead to Dublin. The wind was adverse, and the future conqueror of Waterloo first saw the light on board a packet, about half-way between the coasts of Wales and Ireland. The late Lady Mary Temple, daughter of the Marquis of Buckingham, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland when "Arthur Wesley" obtained his first commission, used to say that she had often heard him joked, and had joked him herself, at her father's vice-regal table, on the place and circumstances of his birth. The Duke, as A.D.C. to the lady's father, could not well be angry then with Lady Mary; but he begged her, in after-life, never to mention the subject again in his presence. The story, however, is confirmed by the fact of the Duke having been baptised in Dublin, in May, 1769, on the 1st of which month his birth is said to have happened. At all events, if the Great Duke was really a native of Stepney, it would seem as if a grateful nation had "passed" his ashes after death to the neighbourhood of the parish to which he belonged. E. W.

CAMPBELL the poet was led home one evening, from the Athenæum Club, by a friend of mine. There had been a heavy storm of rain, and the kennels were full of water. Campbell fell into one of them, and pulled my friend after him, who exclaimed, in allusion to a well-known line of the poet's, "It is not *I*ser rolling rapidly, but *We*ser." E. J.

on me, and said, 'A priest gives up much, too much.' I daresay she will give me a place about the palace." And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, being now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, he thanked his conductor, and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the table—she was gone. Peter was gone too. Nobody was at the table at all; only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk, and several persons were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him: he was looking for "Beauty," and let "the beast" lie. He ran wildly round the hall, which was now comparatively empty. She was not there. He left the palace: outside he found a crowd gaping at two great fanlights just lighted over the gate. He asked them earnestly if they had seen an old man in a gown, and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "They were staring at these new lights that turn night into day. They didn't trouble their heads about old men and young wenches, every day sights." From another group he learned there was a mystery being played under canvas hard by, and all the world gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw the mystery. In this representation divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal virtues, the nine muses, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and buffeting him with a bladder, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstacies. When the vices had uttered good store of obscenity and the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage: the carpenters and virtues shoved the vices in, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends inform me, has become profane.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd, and Gerard could not enjoy the performance: he actually went away in Act 2, in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Justice outquibbled Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her he sought. At last, fairly worn out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, heavy and heartsick, he sought her, but could never fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clue. Then he felt she was false, or had changed her mind. He was irritated now, as well as sad. More good fortune fell on him: he almost hated it. At last on the third day, after he had once more been through every street, he said "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." He started for Tergou with royal favour promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead.

(To be continued.)

WINE.

A FRENCH cook has informed us that there are precisely 131 different varieties of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush. Now, in the year 1854—the last year from which the returns are at hand—it appears that Port, Sherry, and Marsala form, together, no less than 86 per cent. of the entire consumption of the British Islands. In that year there were imported into this country precisely 6,775,858 gallons of wine, and the contributions of the various wine-growing countries stand, proportionally, as follows:—

Spain . . .	38·39	Cape . . .	3·90
Portugal . .	36·69	The Rhine . .	1·01
Sicily . . .	11·18	Madeira. . .	0·60
France . . .	8·12	Canary . . .	0·16

An insignificant amount of wine "from other countries" is lumped in with the Sicilian contribution; in all other respects, the figures are exactly those of a dry official return. We Englishmen stick to our Port and Sherry, despite the attractions of the secondary wines of France and Germany. France, pre-eminently the home of the vine, and the skilled manufacturer of the diviner drinks which alleviate the trials of suffering humanity, supplies us with a trifle more than eight per cent. of our entire consumption. In other words, for every eight bottles of Claret and Champagne and Burgundy and Hermitage drunk in these islands, we uncork and consume about thirty-nine bottles of Sherry and thirty-seven bottles of Port. One is scarcely prepared for such a conclusion, for within the last twenty years there appears to have occurred a remarkable change in the character of the wines served at the houses of the opulent classes. The absence of the claret-jug after dinner at the table of a professional man or merchant in London would now be remarked. Twenty years ago, its presence would have been regarded as a phenomenon, and as a proof of hidden opulence or of the recklessness of approaching bankruptcy.

How is this? Is the explanation beer?—or gin?—or habit?—or tea and coffee?—or a damp climate?—or the duty of 5*s.* 9*d.* per gallon? It is very much the fashion to attribute the result to the last cause, and to assume that if a duty of 1*s.* were substituted for the 5*s.* 9*d.* duty, we should all become drinkers of the lighter and cheaper wines of Germany and France. It is doubtful if this be so. The leading houses in the wine-trade have for the last half century over and over again made experiments as to the possibility of bringing the lighter wines of the continent into fashion, and these experiments have universally failed.

They have been compelled to re-export their ventures to the French ports—to Hamburgh or elsewhere, and to put up with their losses as best they might. The danger in such cases is lest we argue from a limited experience. There are a few thousands of travelling English who wander about on the continent for a few months or weeks of every year, and return home with the most earnest desire to obtain the drink of their holiday for the drink of their working lives. Would even this extremely limited section of the community persist in their exceptional appetencies when sucked back again into the monotonous British vortex of beer, sherry, and port?—or, if they did so in the dog-days, would they do so in the midst of the November fogs—the February snows—and the east winds of March? Could the Chancellor of the Exchequer depend upon their consistency? At present wine contributes no less a sum than £1,800,000 to the imperial revenue, and if a loss were incurred from this source, it must be made up from another. How would English ladies—of course we are speaking only of the upper ten thousand—take to Maconnais and the wines of Basse Bourgogne? From our own experience, we should say, not at all. At the dinner-table and at the buffet of the ball-room, they are not averse to one, it may be two, glasses of sparkling Clicquot, well iced; but the dear creatures invariably reject claret as "nasty sour stuff"—ay, were it the primest growth of Chateau Margaux or Laffitte. At their leg-of-mutton luncheons at 2 P.M., the seraphim appear to prefer pale ale or bottled stout. But the consumption of the ten or twenty thousand is nothing to the purpose. The question is, what would the millions do? Would the sailor give up his rum and the cabman his beer? Would the hundreds of thousands of port-and-sherry families become drinkers of second-class French wines? The consumption of wines of the finer sort has little or nothing to do with the question, and would in all probability remain unchanged. When you give 84*s.* a dozen for claret, the duty does not enter in any very obstructive manner into price.

The present consumption of foreign wine in these islands is about 6,500,000 gallons. It is therefore obvious that in order to retain the revenue from this source at its present amount—namely, £1,800,000—you must stimulate consumption to the extent of 36,000,000 gallons, and even then the loss upon the Customs and Excise consequent upon the abandonment of beer and spirits has to be made up. It is a strange thing to say, but it really appears more than doubtful if the wine-growing countries of Europe could supply us with such a quantity of wine, such as Englishmen would look at. The area of production of the finer growths is circumscribed within the narrowest limits. Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his recent and most valuable work upon this subject, has collected the statistics of some of the more valuable growths. We venture to take a few of his figures. Clos Vougeot grows in a farm of eighty acres—Romanée Conti in one of six and a half. The Mont Rachet of the Côte d'Or is divided into three classes; one of which sells at one-third less than the other two. One small valley in Madeira produces, or used to produce, the finest Malmsey. The red wines of Portugal, made in the Alto Douro, cannot be made in the adjoining provinces. The district of the Rheingau, between Rudesheim and Mayence, is about nine miles in length, and four-and-a-half in breadth. The south side of a little hill produces the far famed Johannisberg, and the Steinberg—its costly mate—is grown in the vineyard of a suppressed monastery. All chemical and agricultural skill has broken down in the attempt to improve or extend the growth of the vines for wine-growing purposes. Bacchus will have nothing to do with guano. A solemn inquiry was made in the year 1849 in France upon this point, and here are the very words of the Report in answer: "C'est un fait notoire, que généralement (aparté les plantes de premier choix) la vigne a dégénéré en France, qu'elle a perdu en délicatesse une partie de ce qu'on lui a fait gagner en fécondité; et que l'adoption des nouvelles méthodes de culture, l'invasion des races communes, l'abus des fumures et des engrais n'ont multiplié ses fruits qu'en altérant leur primitif saveur." This is a curious fact, but it finds its counterpart in the history of the tobacco-plant. The very finest leaf can only be procured from one gently sloping hill in the island of Cuba. The soil has been analysed, and, as far as human skill could do it, re-produced. The plants have been set under the same aspect, and submitted to the same thermometrical and hygrometrical conditions, but the result has been—invariable failure.

With regard to wines of a second-class, another fact must be borne in mind. When we assume that the consumption of wines in this country would be increased to any great extent, we assume also that their price would undergo a proportionate increase. It would also be well to examine what is the result when the duty is next to nothing in amount. In Holland the population remain constant to their beer and their Hollands. In Belgium the duty is but one penny a gallon, and yet the Belgians consume but three bottles of wine a-head per annum. Beer, again. In Paris, on the other hand, the consumption is enormous; it is estimated at from 138 to 216 bottles per head; notwithstanding the *octroi*. On the whole it is much to be apprehended that any reduction of duties, however large, would have but a slight effect upon the consumption of a country wedded to other habits and other drinks. The annual British consumption of Port and Sherry is about 2,500,000 gallons of each; of Sherry, perhaps, an approach to 3,000,000 gallons would be nearer the mark. To these two wines we are constant. They have become thoroughly naturalised. Madeira has suffered from blight. The production of that imperial wine has fallen off from 300,295 gallons, in 1827, to 42,874 gallons in 1854; and even this limited quantity will probably be reduced in amount. The explanation must be sought for in the blight which fell upon the vineyards some seven or eight years ago; and to the fact, that the Madeira farmers have discovered that it answers their purpose better to grow the plants on which the cochineal insect finds its food. Alas! for the lost Pleiad!

Alas! for that royal wine! Our only consolation must be that there remains enough in stock for the use of men now of middle age. Posterity must take care of itself. Our descendants could never appreciate the pungency of our regret, or the extent of their own loss. It is something to have lived through the Madeira epoch of the world. Finally, it must have struck every London diner-out, how much Rhenish wine has disappeared from the table within the last few years. England now only takes 60,000 gallons of wine from the Rheingau, and from the bright Moselle—and Germany imports more wine for her own use than she exports for foreign consumption.

Take it all for all, the British Islands are not badly off in respect of drink. No Englishman of sane mind will speak lightly of such beer as can now be produced in this country. Our tea is better than can be found elsewhere out of China, Russia excepted; and in our coffee there is a marked improvement. If we regret that practical experience has shown that the finer sorts of Burgundy suffer from sea-sickness, in compensation we are obtaining far easier access to the Gironde, and the more delicate wines of Bordeaux. There is, however, a striking deterioration in Port: the finer qualities ordered are almost beyond the reach of persons of moderate means; but Sherry, for ordinary purposes, is better, and more readily procurable than it used to be twenty years ago. Marsala is no bad substitute for the inferior sorts. Compare our happy condition with that of the ancients! who, having cut out blocks of the hardened nastiness which they called wine, melted them in hot water to stimulate their praises of these products of Asia or Arcadia. PHILŒNUS.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.



T was a strange scene. The waggon was close to the circus, formed indeed part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the travelling caravan; two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavouring by their exertions to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

"He ought to have been here half an hour ago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since?"

"Did he take the piebald?" said another. "Why I thought he was in the *Italian Lovers?*"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put the blind grey with her, and took the piebald in the quadrille for Dick Gravel to take bottom couple with."

The explanation seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roar of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village,—fresh, genuine, hearty,—shook the sides of the frail vehicle.

"What's that?" said the apparently dying woman.

"Only your Bill's Quaker story," said one.

"O, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" said she.

"Yes, he's only got three more points, and then he'll come: he don't go in in the Sylph scene."

Three fainter peals of laughter told that the three points had *hit*, but not as well as the Quaker Story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voice whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his tawdry dress, that of tumbling clown at a travelling circus. "How is she now?"

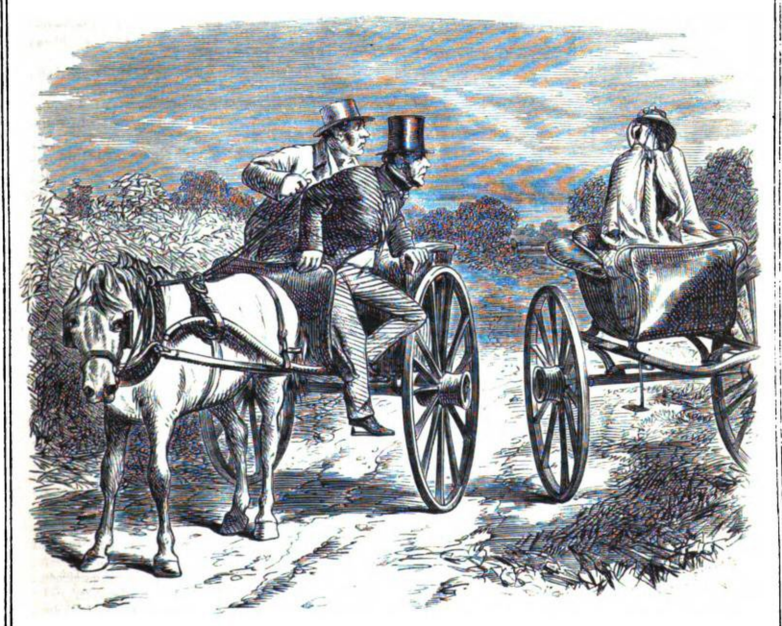
"I'm better, Bill," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, it's Chapman's turn;" and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and, as far as the dim light hung from the roof would enable a judgment to be formed, good-looking; the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and dry cheeks, told that she too had appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rouge were still on parts of the face, and told too truly that she had lain there but a short time, only since the last evening's performance: indeed, when, during one of her jumps through the hoop, a man's putting on his hat startled the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring-master saw she could scarcely stand, and handed her out, kissing her hand in the usual style, and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat, the leap from the horse's back through the hoop to the ground, their applause was unheard by their intended object. She had fainted immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and was at once carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

to bait our horse, and where we gathered tidings that made us hasten on again. We had got, perhaps, a matter of ten or twelve miles from Deepwood, when Mr. Purkiss suddenly flung the cigar out of his mouth, gave the horse a sharp lash that made it bound madly forward, and pushing his hat tighter over his brows, gave vent to a smothered "Hurrah!" There they were before us.

It was some minutes before they found out that they were followed. Mrs. Oldwink, happening to turn her head, was the first to see us; next her husband gave a backward glance; and then, half-rising in his seat, lashed into my poor mare in a style that made my blood boil to see. Though we did our best, the distance between us gradually increased; and in one sense I could hardly regret that it was so, since it proved so plainly the superior bottom of my mare. There was not a word spoken for some time, so great was our anxiety. It had become a question of speed and endurance between the two horses. The road, which had been level and straight for some distance, came at length to a considerable hill, nearly covered by a thick plantation of young trees, up the side of which it wound with a sharp curve. The gig before us passed out of sight when it reached this bend of the road, while we were still a considerable distance from it. When we came up to the curve, we saw that there was another



bend in the opposite direction higher up the face of the hill, and that Oldwink had passed the second corner before we reached the first, and was therefore still out of view. The hill was so steep that we were obliged to allow the mare to walk up it, for fear of blowing her completely. What then was our surprise, on passing the second corner, to find the gig and its occupants only about fifty yards a-head of us. Purkiss rubbed his eyes as though he could hardly believe them. But there the fugitives were, real enough; for Oldwink was looking over his shoulder as we turned the corner, and on seeing us took off his hat, and moved to us as though wishing us Good day.

"Must have halted here a minute or two to breathe the mare," said Mr. Purkiss, after cogitating for a few moments.

"He needn't have done so," said I, "if he had understood how to manage her."

Oldwink moved rapidly a-head, and gradually placed the former distance between us.

The afternoon was beginning to darken, and the mists to creep down the hill-sides. The road, though level, had now become very crooked; and the gig before us was out of sight as often as not. Oldwink himself frequently looked back, but Mrs. Oldwink sat calm and upright beside him, and never noticed us even with a glance.

We had got, as near as I can reckon, about three